

NETOP

TFHS



MARCH
1931

AM

OUR COMPLIMENTS
TO
THE SCHOOLS
OF
MONTAGUE
Keith Paper Company

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QUIET MAY *Automatic* OIL BURNER

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"The Bank With the Chimes"

**CROCKER
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SAVINGS**

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Incorporated 1869

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Dividends are payable January 1st and
July 1st

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EXPERT TAILOR

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BARBER SHOP

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Turners Falls

Turners Falls Coal Co.

"Have Phil Phil Your Bin"

CARSON & CO.

Quality Clothes

at Moderate Prices

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Greenfield

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NETOP

VOLUME XI

MARCH, 1931

Number 2

EDITORIAL BOARD

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Published quarterly by the students of the Turners Falls High School. Entered as second class matter at the Turners Falls Post Office. Circulation Five Hundred. Price twenty-five cents per copy. On sale in Turners Falls at the High School and at the Corner Book Store, also in Millers Falls at C. L. Cook & Company's Store, and in Montague at Day's Store. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917

To The Clouds

There are fluffy clouds of creamy white
Sailing on the seas of blue before the
night,

Making all the sky a peaceful loveliness,
Lending to the earth a brighter happiness.

There are also tiny cloudlets, like a flock
of sheep,

O'er the calm and heavenly meadows,
grazing 'fore their sleep.

There are also clouds of gloomy gray
Hovering o'er the sky on a rainy day.
The black thunder clouds of summer
time,

Marching o'er the stormy streets on
high

Make us tremble and fear the harshness
of their attack;

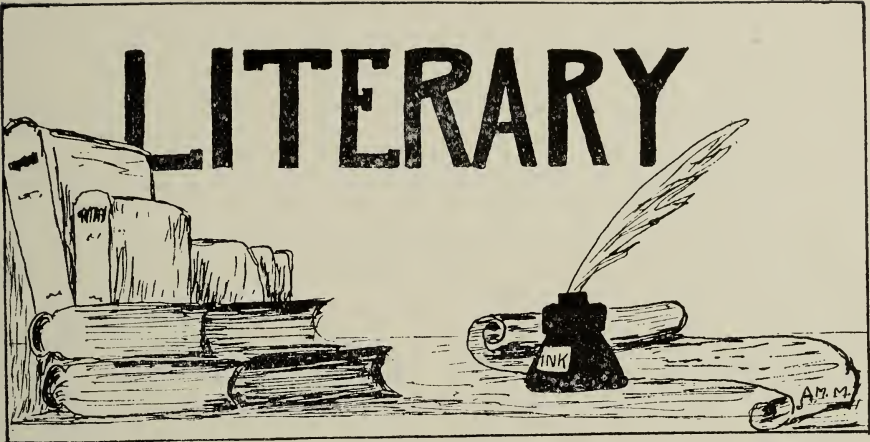
But the clouds we like the best
Are the clouds whose silver linings
To the earth their happiness are sending.

Ellen Early '31

Storm

There's going to be a storm you say?
And I somehow feel it too.
Even if it weren't for the threatening
clouds
Filling the west, like black sails of pi-
rate ships,—
Even if it weren't for the slight rustling
in the tree tops,
To whom a frail, smaller breeze,
A traitor to the darker, sterner winds,
Whispers a warning to hold on tight
Because there's going to be a hurricane.
Even then I would somehow know there
was going to be a storm
By a sudden flash, and an echoing roar
From the black sails of the pirate ships.
How foolish to begin firing already.
They ought to know they can't hurt us
When they are so very far away.
It must be they are showing off.
But I will at least say this for them,—
They are certainly making a most im-
pressive display
And they are drawing near at an amaz-
ing rate.
I think we shall be attacked presently—
I'd better come in, you say?
Why? What's there to be afraid of?
And I laugh to think of a wind big
enough to harm me.
But a minute later I stop laughing
As I see one of the younger trees,
Who must have laughed at a warning
too,
Pushed over into the arms of a fright-
ened pine
By a dark gale which has suddenly ar-
rived.
From inside, I see great sheets of water
fall,
Forming uncertain curtains all around
us.
They were riding on the shoulders of the
stronger winds,
But they must have struggled loose
somehow
And they fall, whining, to the shudder-
ing earth.
But when it is all over, a rainbow
Comes out against the retreating black
And radiates her shy apology.
And, for the time at least, we forgive.

F. Oakes '31



EAST TO WEST

The young man slumped down in the saddle, and wiped the beads of perspiration off his slumped forehead. Boy! but it was hot! As the young slim rider rode along on the black colt, his thoughts crept back to his home again. After all, he told himself, it wasn't his fault because he was leaving his loved ones behind. Hadn't his own father called him a low-down coward and a thief? Hadn't his friends shunned him, when they had met him on the streets? Yes, it was going to be too hard for him, for his name was worth little to those who knew him, because of a prison term that he had served. He had served the time in prison for the trouble in which his younger brother had been involved. Even while in prison his father had come to see him only once. Tim, his younger brother had visited him many times, and had tried to persuade him to let him serve the time, to pay for the disaster that he had brought about, but he had only answered.

"No, Tim, you have only one more year at college. If it leaks out that you were to blame, you would not be able to continue your studies, nor to complete your course. Perhaps, some day you can pay me back."

Milt Barrows recalled how the tears had streamed down Tim's face, as he spoke those words to him.

Then too, there was his little sweetheart, June Dawes. She had believed that he was innocent, when others had turned against him. Mother and June had been the only ones to kiss him farewell before he started West.

If one could have seen Milton Barrow's face, he would have seen a sorrowful expression. Around his sunken eyes were black circles. In place of the glistening blue eyes that had been there a year ago, were dark cold blue eyes. His golden colored curly hair made him look quite handsome, although it had not been combed for many days.

Milt rode into a small canyon. How different the air was from that back East. Already he felt like a new man. He came to a small creek, which meandered down through the canyon. Here he bathed his face in the cool water, and moistened his dry lips. Milt patted his horse's back and spoke soothing words to him.

"What do you think about the place, Nudger? Shall we camp here for the night?"

The horse nudged his nose against Milt's face. Because of this habit of whinnying, he had named him "Nudger."

After looking over the place, he unsaddled the horse and built a fire. It was not long before the bacon sent forth a pleasant odor. Suddenly he heard the horse whinnying. As he looked around, he saw three husky men with guns strapped around their hips, approaching him. Were these men enemies or friends?, he asked himself.

"Stranger around these parts?" were the words one of the men muttered.

Milt stared at him, but said nothing.

"Well, you low down coward," he exclaimed. Haven't you got a tongue?"

The color in Milt's face seemed to change to a deep red. His eyes were like pin points as he glared at the man for a moment. He recalled the day that his father had uttered those very same words.

Without another moment of hesitation he leaped for the bulky mass of man before him. Fists flew fast for a few moments, but finally Milt landed a punch upon the man's nose that sent him sprawling to the ground. The bearded man raised himself upon his elbow and muttered,

"Lad, I apologize for what I said. You're a real man. I hope there will be no hard feelings between us."

After helping the man to his feet, Milt went on preparing the meal. While doing so, he engaged in a conversation with the bearded man. As soon as he had told the man his name, a puzzled expression crossed the man's face.

"Why son," he exclaimed, "you're the man that had your name and photograph on every page in the newspapers for some sort of trouble you were involved in back East."

"Yes, I'm the man," Milt muttered with a slow drawl.

As he gazed at the ground, he asked himself if the whole country had heard of his crime? Would the news soon spread that he had gone West?

To Milt these men were very different from those back home. Their habits seemed very queer, and they spoke but a few words to him.

Suddenly he was awakened from his dream by the slow drawling words of his companion.

"Are you going to enlist for the War?"

"War! what war?" Milt exclaimed.

"Haven't you heard of how the United States has declared war on Germany? Why, she has been fighting for three months."

"Boy! what a break! I'll join today if possible," exclaimed Milt.

To his surprise the man drew forth from his pocket, a pink colored sheet of paper. "Sign this and you will be in France before the month is over."

He later explained to Milt that he was a deputy marshal.

It was mid-afternoon, two weeks later that Milt Barrows was writing a letter home to his parents. It was very brief, and read as follows:

"It has been many days since you have heard from me. I am now sailing for France to fight for the American

cause. Perhaps I can clear my name in this war. As I have had some experience in flying, I have enlisted in a flying squadron. After this dreadful war is over, and if death has not claimed me, I am coming home to see you, mother dear. It will seem like old times to be with Tim again. If little June Dawes will have me for a husband my journey in search of happiness will be completed. Please write to me and ask June to write also.

Your loving son,

Milton Burroughs."

After arriving in France, Milt was quartered with the flying squadron. The men were all young, and all of them faced danger with a smile. The first day Milt patrolled a small section, two miles from the front. It was on this flight that he brought down his first two planes. It was not long before Milt's comrades looked upon him as a hero, for at the end of the first month he had scored a victory over ten enemy planes. Milt was soon appointed to the head of his squadron. Even though he was an American, these fliers did not show the least bit of jealousy towards him. The French and British were like brothers to him.

It was four days before the Armistice was signed, that Milton nearly met his doom. He had been sent out on a lone patrol. Upon returning to his squadron he engaged in a fierce combat with four enemy's planes. He fought them for what seemed like weeks and would have been defeated, if it had not been for a little plane which entered the battle. The pilot of this plane fought very hard until his plane was shattered. Milt noticed that the pilot was storming bullets into a Fokker, when another Fokker came down behind the young pilot's plane. This plane was unobserved by the pilot and suddenly without a minute's notice he saw the young pilot gasp for breath, for a bullet had hit a vital spot.

What a game pilot! He had saved Milt's life, but was paying for it with his own. After the battle Milt headed home with his thoughts centered upon the bravery of the dead pilot. Already, news of this battle had been flashed across the front. The victory had gone to a pilot, who was unable to claim it.

Milt noticed an uneasiness among the men. They stood by and stared at him. What had he done to make

these men act like this? He spoke of the bravery of the young pilot, but they turned their gaze to the floor.

Three days later, the men were getting ready to sail for home. As Milt was putting on his gloves a messenger entered his room, and handed him a letter. He glanced over it hurriedly, then he read it aloud:

"You have served your country very faithfully. You are now to learn that it was your brother Tim, who met his death over the battlefields of France while assisting you. Tim confessed before he entered the army that it was he who should have taken the blame for the crime that was committed back East, but we have nothing against this brave lad, for he died fighting for his country, and for the love of a brother. So your name is cleared of all guilt."

Milt could not read any more, for his eyes were full of tears, as he buried

his face in his arms. He walked slowly out the door and looked towards heaven and sobbed aloud.

"Tim, old boy, I know you're happy for what you have done for me. May God forgive you for the wrong you committed in your younger days."

Milt's flight commander stepped up beside him and exclaimed, "Cheer up, Milt, you'll soon be home with your loved ones."

"Yes, replied Milt, as he thought of the loving letters his sweetheart, June Dawes had sent him, telling him that she was waiting for him to come home and make her happy, and also the letter from his father asking him forgiveness.

"Let's go Milt, or we will be late."

So arm in arm they strode down to the dock, while their voices rang out the sweet melody of "Home Sweet Home".

BLOOD WILL TELL

I was utterly surprised that Harry would do such a thing. If anyone had told me that he had done such a thing I would have knocked him down. But I had just seen the deed performed right before my eyes, and I couldn't very well disbelieve my own eyesight. Yet it seemed impossible that a boy with his bringing up, could stoop so low. Goodness knows I had done my best to bring him up as a good citizen, and this was all the good that had come out of my pleadings, exhortations and commands! My boy a pickpocket, a common, ordinary thief! I shut my eyes and turned slowly away. Dragging my weary feet along, I plodded homeward. I would not accuse him at all but I hoped he would make a confession to me.

When I reached home, I sank into a chair with a feeling that everything was lost. The boy had as nice a home as I could afford. It had been a hard task to try to keep up the air of cheerfulness and comfort after his mother's death, but I had thought that I had succeeded very well. Picking up a paper, I tried to read, but everything was blurred. After drying my eyes, I tried to read again. This time visions of my boy kept appearing before my face. I flung the paper away in despair,

sprang from my chair and began pacing the room.

Suddenly I halted my regular pacing. I listened more carefully. Yes, it was my boy's voice. But such a hearty, gay voice. Had he no feeling or repentance for the act that he had just committed? Well, I would give him a chance to tell me all, if he did not—but I dared not think that far. Footsteps sounded on the stairs, running footsteps, light and happy. I calmly seated myself in a chair and composed my features. I would give him no indication that I had seen him commit his low deed. He burst into the room, his eyes shining. I sat stunned. Was this attitude that my boy would take?

"Dad," he cried excitedly, "I just earned five dollars." Earned it! I groaned inwardly, but showed no signs of it.

"I saw a man steal another man's pocket-book, so I stole it from the thief and gave it back to the man. He was so delighted, that he gave me five dollars for my good work." For a moment I said nothing, then to my son's surprise, I rose from my chair and tenderly enfolded him in my arms. To think that I had suspected my son of being a thief!

—F. M. '31.

AN AFTERNOON CALL ON MRS. MASSACHUSETTS

Here we are—this neat, white place,
Come let's go up the stone-walk where
cosmos interlace

With dahlias, and hollyhocks greet us
too.

I'm sure she'll be so glad to see you.
Ah, let's pause here before the doorway
And gaze around at what seems a
scene of yesterday.

Just the right amount of shade and
sunshine on the smooth green

Don't you half expect an old-fashioned
stage coach to enter the scene?

Mrs. Massachusetts certainly must have
pride in her homestead.

Why she's worked for this ever since
she was wed.

I hear her footsteps—yes, she'll come
herself—

All snowy hair, but complexion fresh,
and figure neat.

In spite of all her early hardships she
never lost her manner sweet.

She must be untying her apron strings.
I much prefer this knocker to a bell
that rings

And startles all sleeping ghosts dream-
ing of bygone fates.

Now may I introduce Mrs. Massachu-
setts to you, Mrs. States.

We've come to call for Mrs. States
feels as if she knew you well.

For we so often of your famous sons
do tell.

But I suppose you still think of them
as just "The Boys."

And picture them not with books but
with toys—

Can't you remember how John Green-
leaf learned to mend his own boots?

And Henry Thoreau was so fond of
collecting herbs and roots?

William Cullen early earned his fame
with a poem.

For his wit Oliver Wendell was paid
in coin.

And didn't Ralph Waldo, too, give his
sermons with pen?

And James Russell certainly did enough
for ten.

Snow! Snow!

Snow! sifted by the silent winds to its
resting place—

Snow! covering the cold earth's rugged
face—

Snow! Snow! Snow! flung down through
the vastness of space—

Snow! Warm snow! bringing smiles to
each little child's upturned face.

M. Jillson '30.

—Oh, our family?—doing very nicely,
thank you.

You know we followed your example
too

And sent them trotting early to school.
In discipline also we followed your
rule.

You stil read as much as ever—really,
how

You do so many things I could never
see—

Your family sewing and baking.

Oh, is this a party frock you're making
For Amy Boston's daughter, now in
college?

So Junior is using his knowledge,
Apprenticed in his father's law firm.

Remember how grave their grandfather
was—and stern!

I heard from Beth Berkshire the other
day.

She wants us to be sure to come up her
way.

Isn't it just like her to love the hills?
You know, she makes poetry from
rocks and rills,

While Sister Anne must paint the sea,
And Dot Deerfield has a home of rare
antiques—ah, me!

She and Molly Mohawk keep boarders
constantly.

So Connie married well you say—
Tobacco fields and paper mills are
made to pay—

Really they must be quite content.
Although they miss the sons they've
always lent

Their country—every time she was in
need.

Always liberty's call they heed.
I wonder if the reason they cherish
you in their hearts,

Is because your ideal from character
never parts—

Now really we must be on our way
But we've so enjoyed our talk—do call
on us some day!

—Bernice Dolan '31.

The Nose

Noses are so different—

Some are long,

And some are short,

And some are of another sort!

That's wrong;

But you know what is meant!

M. Jillson '30

GUILTY OR NOT

"The French window opens cautiously and Thompson slips stealthily into the room. His employment as butler for Mr. Roberts had made him perfectly familiar with the house. Creeping with cat-like tread he passes through the darkened hall, and crosses to the library door. There a white chink of light shines through the keyhole. Looking through the opening, he sees the millionaire asleep in an easy chair. He softly opens the door, tiptoes across the room. He gazes at the sleeping man, stabs him and departs. There, your honor, and gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the case. What could be more simple? This man, acting from motives of revenge, killed his former employer a short time after losing his position as butler. Look at him! Guilt is written all over his face! See he is cringing from the certain punishment he expects to—"

"Your honor, I object!" cried the defending attorney, springing to his feet. "The prosecuting attorney is using his imagination too freely. He has stated no facts to back up his case."

The prosecuting attorney replied, "I am merely presenting the case, as it stands. I have not come to the point where I am to present the evidence."

"Objection overruled," the judge rapped out, "Proceed."

"I have nothing further to say at present," replied the prosecuting attorney.

"The defending attorney may present his case," ordered the judge.

"Your honor and gentlemen of the jury," said the defending attorney, shuffling his case papers, "wish to present some important evidence. The defendant was seen far from the scene of the crime at the time of the murder by two men of impeachable honor. Therefore he could not have been the murderer. Furthermore, he was very friendly with his employer, and they parted as friends. His discharge came because the murdered man did not need so many servants as before, as he expected to travel abroad. Therefore that removes the motive, as he was out for neither revenge nor robbery. I also have received word from the police investigator that dust was thickly coating the window sill through which the murderer is alleged to have entered. A man of great agility and athletic build could not get through the window with-

out disturbing the dust. Thank you, your honor, I have nothing further to say."

"The prosecuting attorney has the floor," announced the judge.

"Your honor, I wish to call some witnesses," declared the prosecuting attorney.

"You may," declared the judge.

"I wish to call Victor Smith, the man who is said to have seen the accused at the time of the murder."

"Your honor," the prosecuting attorney declared.

The man was brought to the stand embarrassed and stammering. "How did you know what time it was at your meeting?" asked the questioner.

"The accused showed me his watch. It was eleven thirty-seven," the witness answered.

"This was the time of the murder," muttered the prosecuting attorney under his breath. "Thank you, that is all I wish to speak to the wife of the accused." This was a distinct surprise to the courtroom and the jury.

When she was brought to the witness box the prosecuting attorney asked after she was sworn in, "Did your husband empty your vacuum cleaner?" This question brought titters from different parts of the courtroom. The judge's hammer rose and fell three times before the court was in order. A dull red flush on her face betrayed her rising anger.

"Yes, he did. I do not consider it any of your business," she flared up. "You are trying to send him to the pen again," she continued in a rage.

"Well! well! I must have his record looked up," declared the prosecutor. "That is all, thank you. Well, your honor, this completes my chain of evidence. I have found out that the accused has had a long standing grudge against the victim from their childhood. It increased as the murdered man prospered, and the murderer had a hard time. A few years ago the millionaire took the accused as a butler, who immediately began plotting to kill his benefactor, so great was his hatred. All the murder was carefully planned. The watch was set back, and shown to the men who were on the stand to obtain an alibi, foreseeing that the window sill would be examined, he took the dust of the vacuum cleaner and spread

it on the window sill. I have also learned that the window sill is a peculiar kind. This cannot be opened from the outside except by a person who knows the mechanism. This window apparatus was only known to inmates of the house. His one slip up in his plans occurred on the street. There he was seen by a policeman on his beat. The schedule had been changed a week ago, so it was no fault of the murderer. He

had familiarized himself with the policeman's beat while he was a butler. His passing was noticed by the policeman and set down in the register as the only man passing at so late an hour. A description of him was set down in the books. It was a very well planned crime, but— — —."

There is no need to tell you about the rest of the crime. Suffice to say, "The accused's wife is a widow."

A Soldier Poet Goes to His Last March

Hello buddy,—you here too?
Well, why not? That's nothing new.
We all meet somewhere out here.
Why not? What's the matter boy? You fear
These guns out there, those planes on high,
The shooting, the cries, the pain—to die?
Don't look so scared, boy! Tonight you'll live.
How do I know? Smile, kid, and I'll give
You the whole story. I know its true,
Last year I was here, I saw it happen, too.
To-morrow at dawn we're going through
Those enemy lines—boy, I'm telling you
It's sure this time, for *she'll* be here.
She'll lead us straight, she'll take us clear
Through their cold wire—and never lose a soul.
Yes, lad, at dawn we'll reach our goal.
You see—Duck kid, this one's bad!
All right?—where was I? Oh yes, she had
Last year, a flaming sword, no guns to-night,
And flaming eyes—and armour, ah! so white
You could see it shining, miles around,
I know
The cry like a thousand bird songs, sweet and low
In her throat, then rising high. A song of war,
Yet in it, peace—and freedom. Last time, I saw
The enemy crumple like a dam gone down
Before the raging floods, or like the dawn
Of the heath bloom driven by the wind.
They feared
Her as she led us on, feared her as she neared.

Her head flung back, her eyes alight
With courage, faith—a holy sight
For us to see with our weary eyes.
We were tired of daring death and living lies.
A ray of light from heaven sent
See her face—we knew it meant
Victory. It did, my lad,—and now to-night
She comes again to bring us peace—and right
Four years we've fought—we ought to win
And end it all—but that's the sin
Of war and hell, my lad, they last so long.
We're fighting still. Another cry of pain.
That's wrong!
We can't go on again, and you—what say?
Boy, listen, what's that he cries? I can't hear.
Peace, you say? What for? Us? Out here?
I feel a pain, my head,—when was I hit?
A while ago—I didn't notice, much. Sit
There, my boy, that's right. We won,
You say. You'll go home now—have some fun;
But I—I'm getting dizzy, boy. What's that?
You think there's blood here—on my hat?
I—but listen! Look! *She* comes again!
See the armour—white, pure like heaven
Itself. Who are they with her now, son?
Don't look like that! Bill? But he's gone.
John? Dead too. Queer, I think they're calling me.
Guess I'll go to be with them. See
You later, boy,—some other time.
Ah, Jeanne d'Arc still leads our line—
Good bye, buddy—I'm going, too—
Well, why not?—Death's nothing new!
E. O. '31



Are the movies hindering the trend of general reading? This question stared at me from the literary page of a popular magazine. It attracted my attention at once because it has been my work for many years to furnish the reading public of a little town in Massachusetts with literary material. Naturally I was curious to find what others thought on this subject. I read further. This particular article stated that movies were decidedly taking the place of books with the average person. It declared that in the romances, adventure and drama on the silver screen people were finding a suitable and satisfying substitute for what they once found in books. But I had reason to doubt this strongly. Why is it that people, after seeing a performance that particularly pleases them, will invariably hasten to the library for the book on which the film was based? Was it because the movie did not quite satisfy their thirst? Then I thought what a benefit it would be if the standard of picture plays was raised. For, most assuredly, whether or not, movies take the place of reading, they do influence reading. For does not the growing boy who has just seen a Western "thriller" excitedly ask for a "cowboy" book?

Oftentimes, growing tired of the glamorous deeds of rather common herdmen, he becomes enamoured with Philo Vance of the films and immediately devours every mystery book on the shelves and another would-be detective is hatched. And what of the little girl who, enraptured by the story

unfolded before her eager eyes, timidly reaches for her first novel? Then there is that class of intellectuals who, fascinated by the clever dialogue of a movie, demand the original. Oh, there are all types. Only the other day I noticed that a very humorous picture bordering on just plain slapstick comedy was being featured at a neighboring theatre. The result? We were asked where they could find the book, "Min and Bill".

Everyone will agree that 1930 was a banner year for movie productions. The "talkies" were everywhere acclaimed with enthusiasm. Oddly enough 1930 was the banner year in the circulation of our books. More books were loaned during the year than ever before. Is that a proof that movies are taking the place of reading?

Then, I had to stop my musings. It was Saturday afternoon and the first troop of knowledge seekers, representing our very young set, came tumbling in, leaving their books at my desk and then rushing out to go to the movies. But wait! It is four o'clock now and the little readers are back after their entertainment and exploits of the "good guy" and the "bad guy" and studiously hunting for a good book and just as earnestly creating confusion on all the shelves. And Abie Cohen of the serious brown eyes, with raised hand asks for "Uncle Sam's Log Cabin". Once more Harriet Beecher Stowe talks to young America.

SCHOOL NOTES

The Netop Dance

November 7, 1930.

In behalf of the Netop Board, I hope that you didn't get beaten too badly at bridge, that the cider didn't make you sick, nor spill and spoil your dress, that O'Hara's orchestra pleased you, that your doughnut didn't slip and roll conspicuously out into the middle of the floor, that he with whom you wished to dance came and asked you, that you accepted, that you enjoyed the number, "How Dry I Am" offered by Virginia and her tinkling cocktail shaker, that you were not troubled with hayfever or homesickness—in short that you had a good time.

The Armistice Program

November 10, 1930.

As guests today we had four members of the local post of the American Legion. The program was conducted by Charles Hazelton and included numbers by Evelyn Tuttle, Hervey Cole, Sara Greenspan, Dorothy Relihan, Charlotte Brown and Dorothy Trembl.

We then sat up on the edge of our seats and cheered for 'Bud' Parsons, who broke his leg recently in the Cathedral game, and from the way the windows bulged, I haven't a doubt but what he heard us.

Sophomore Class Officers

The freshmen of last year are a real class now. They have chosen their class officers. It's a real thrill of pride that you feel when you can point out some member of your class and say, "There's our President," or "She's our Treasurer." And so that you may not miss that thrill I'm going to name, here, the members of the government of the sophomore class.

President	Paul Trudel
Vice-President	Vincent Parzick
Secretary	Bernice Grogan
Treasurer	Elvira Prondecki
Class Historian	Forbes Bryce

Wish them a long and prosperous term, the next time you see them.

Sophomore Class Dance

Milkey's orchestra came to school the other night to play the opening march while the receiving line, Mr. and Mrs. Burke, Miss Chadwick, Miss Ayer, Paul Trudel, Bernice Grogan and Elvira Prondecki, welcomed the guests at the sophomore class dance.

Thanksgiving Day

November 26, 1930.

We had quite a long program today. Frederick Wishart, as chairman, introduced Margaret Miller, Martha MacGillicuddy, Olive McCullough, Miss Conway, Miss Dent, and Evelyn Tuttle, who gave a very interesting and varied program.

Then as the hands of the clock crept toward twelve and one respectively, we heard the words we had been planning on for weeks, "No school Thursday, Friday, Saturday, or Sunday," and then, if the rest of you felt in the least the way I did, we filed out, the most truly thankful group of students in the world.

Our turkey was good, how was yours—or was it a chicken?

The Virgil Program

December 11, 1930.

Even though some of us did not, at first, understand what it was all about (and I admit I would be in the same predicament had not the facts been stuffed down me, with an endless rod of conjugations, verbs, adjectives, Ciceronian speeches, Caesarian battles, Virgilian Aneads etc., etc., etc.) we must admit that Mr. Wrightson succeeded in his attempt to give us something different.

The Virgil Program, announced by Francis Trembl, given by Milford Baker, Camille Macek, Virginia Cassidy, Elsie Oakes, and Bernice Dolan, WAS different, and more than that, when we really did get into the swing of it, it became suddenly interesting and Roman-tic.

I for one am looking forward to more of these unusual programs.

The Christmas Program

December 19, 1930.

There had been a certain tenseness in the air all day, that told us we were going to be surprised, at the end of classes—and we were not disappointed.

When we filed into assembly, the orchestra was already seated below the long flowing draperies from the stage, and when we were all settled it struck up a lively march, led by Mr. McKirdy. At the end of the piece there was a sudden scraping and creaking of chairs and then the Glee Club sang three Christmas carols.

I had begun to think that perhaps these were as many surprises as I could stand in one day—but there I



CRACKS WISE

AND

OTHERWISE



"Lady, Play Your Violin" L. Murphy
 "Hello, Beautiful" S. Dziadziak
 "Would you Like to Take a Walk" E. Hughes
 "My Ideal" P. Richotte
 "My Temptation" Charging Candy
 at Recess
 "Milly" M. Waide
 "It's a Lonesome Old Town when
 You're not Around" J. Mackin
 "Riverboat Shuffle" D. Teahan
 "Little Things in Life" A. Burnham
 "Fraternity Blues" D. Jillson

Where Thrills are Found

C. Macek A letter postmarked Phil.
 H. Stotz Montague
 E. Parsons Writing French Stories
 Freshmen Dancing with Seniors
 B. Dolan In Acting
 P. Ladd When Dalton is mentioned
 J. Grogan Listening to Rudy
 J. Mackin Going to Greenfield
 Juniors Thinking about Prom

What ever trouble Adam had
 No man, in days of yore
 Could say, when Adam told a joke
 "I heard that one before."
 "Maroon News"

R. Vassar: "Do you like fish balls?"
 E. Earley: "I don't know. I never
 attended one."

Stranger: "Isn't your father a law-
 yer?"

Small boy: "Most of the time, but
 when I misbehave, he's a tanner."
 "The Record"
 Littleton, N. H.

Some laugh and grow fat,
 Some laugh and grow thin,
 If you don't like our jokes,
 Try handing some in.
 "The Record"

Girl: "Oh! these flowers are beauti-
 ful. I think there's a little dew still on
 them."

Boy: "Yes, there is, but I'll pay it
 tomorrow."

"The Record"

Teacher (giving a lesson on frac-
 tions): "Here, class, is a piece of meat.
 If I cut it in two, what shall I have?"

Class: "Halves."

Teacher: "And if I cut it again in
 two?"

Class: "Quarters."

Teacher: "And if I again do the
 same?"

Class: "Eighths."

Teacher: And if I continue."

Class: "Sixteenths."

Teacher: "Good! And if we cut our
 piece once more in two, what then
 shall we have?"

Stuart Dykes: "Mincemeat."

"The Record"

Beef Kelleher, Fran Yukl and Jim
 Mackin **think** "That the Bridge of
 sighs is anything a dentist puts in that
 doesn't fit. "That the Congressional
 Record is a new Victrola attachment.
 That Paul Revere was the chemist who
 invented the first night ride."

My Analyze over the ocean
 My Analyze over the sea
 My Analyze over the ocean
 O bring back my anatomy.

Ede Parsons: "In Europe, they are
 now sending milk by airplane."

Lib Dykes: "Yes, they say you can
 get it from Cannes or Cowes."

B. Dolan: "Your Scotch boy friend
 certainly answers letters promptly."

C. Macek: "Yes, I told him the gov-
 ernment might raise the postage to 3c
 any day now."

Teacher: "Give an example of period furniture."

Student: "Well, I should say an electric chair, because it ends a sentence."

"Pathfinder"

Jimmy: "I bet you didn't have a good time at your birthday party yesterday."

Percy: "Oh, yes, I did."

Jimmy: "Then, why ain't you sick today?"

"Pathfinder"

"There's a wide-awake man for you!"

"Lawyer, businessman or what?"

"Victim of insomnia."

"Pathfinder"

"Don't cry, Sonny. Grandpa will play Indian with you."

"B-but, you won't d-do any good Y-you're scalped already."

"Pathfinder"

Teacher: "What is your reason for believing the Einstein theory of space over matter?"

Student: "Well, after going to the trouble of reading all about it, it seems a shame not to believe it."

Judge: "And how old are you, Madam?"

Witness: "I'm around 30."

Judge: "So I perceive. Now, how many years is it since you got around it?"

"Do you take much exercise?"

"Yes, by Jove. I'm awfully keen about it, you know. I dismissed my valet the other day and actually dress myself now."

Old lady (visiting prison): "Never mind, my friend, life is uncertain anyway. We are here today and gone tomorrow."

Convict: "Well, lady you may be gone tomorrow but I won't."

Miss (on a steamer at sea): "Captain, why do you call the ship, 'she'?"

Captain: "Two reasons. It needs as much paint as a woman and needs as much money to keep it going."

"The Record"

They walked up the lane together;
The sky was covered with stars;
They reached the gate in silence;
He lifted for her the bars.
She neither smiled nor thanked him,
Because she knew not how;
For he was only a farmer's boy
And she was a Jersey cow.

"Gazette"

Lynn, Mass.

A woman was washing her Austin under the faucet when it slipped from her hands and went down the drain.

Small boy: "What is college bred, pop?"

Pop (with son in college): "They make college bread, my son, from the flour of youth and the dough of old age."

Father: "Why were you kept in at school?"

Son: "I didn't know where the Azores were."

Father: "Well, in the future, just remember where you put things."

Friend (limping): "O-oo, my knee's out."

Other friend (solemnly): "Better bring it in, it'll catch cold."

History Lecturer: "Can any of you tell me what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"

Corpulent Lady: "I don't know, or I'd take some myself."

Greenfield "Exponent"

"Heah ah sits worryin' bout de depression and yo' asks me ef ah's got a job!"

"Fly paper? Why on earth are you selling fly paper in winter?"

"They's no competition then."

"Judge"

"Well, when I marry, it must be a man with a well known name!"

"Well, my name is Smith!"

Boy: "What is your brother in college?"

Friend: "A half-back."

Boy: "I mean in studies."

Friend: "Oh, in studies, he's away back."

Mother to teacher: "I want especially for my boy to learn Latin."

Teacher: "But Latin is a dead language."

Mother: "Oh! that's all right. My boy is going to be an undertaker."

"Why is marriage like a restaurant at a busy hour?"

"One simply grabs something that looks nice and pays for it later."

Friend: "Where did you get that black eye?"

Other: "I told the conductor I was travelling on my face and he punched my ticket."

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